

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Stay Real"

Yeah

You know an artist paints with his mind, not with his hands

Wake up

It ain't easy being a lyrical legend  
I'm the average old-schooler  
I stay sharp with this lyrical weapon  
My main art's in the spiritual section  
But some dudes ain't hearing this lesson  
So I buck shot with the smith and wesson  
Clips go into the weapon  
If I bring the Mac 10 from the west coast  
I'm aiming it into your section  
Rip rhymes with a Tech-Nine and a 40 Glock  
When I'm teaching a lesson  
I'll even bring an M1 and leave an impression  
A mean one, a clean one, you never seen one  
Til I sweep up with a machine gun  
When the teachas come, you see them run  
First I be coming with the peta guns  
For my peace love and unity, I'ma have to see your funds  
Why you be so dumb  
You need to run, look around  
My delivery is hot, like when the pizza come, don't fuck around

(You talk to em)

If you continue to ignore the word  
You gonna go through the same deal  
Rearrange your mind and hide, you speak out your word  
You putting seeds in your brain field  
Corporations treating you like sheep and like [?]  
But KRS-One, he stays real  
Listen to the teacher as he speaks out the word  
You gonna rise if he stays real

(Watch this. Stay real)

It ain't easy being a lyrical icon  
When I turn my mic on  
Rappers start shaking like fiends when their pipe's gone  
I'm squeezing the mic like a python, you got it quite wrong  
The guru, step into the arena with the teachas and your life's gone  
These rappers are immoral, they write wrong  
KRS-One is immortal, his career is quite long  
This won't take long, I'm spitting on mics cause I'm made for this  
Be clear, I speak that lyrical hip-hop lyrical craziness  
The bar-tender, the airbender, I spit you see the waviness

I don't criticize or knock nobody's style, but I'ma stay with this  
The traditional and lyrical is everyday for Kris  
I'll strip these beats down to their nakedness  
Ain't nothing fake with this

(Stay real)

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You gonna go through the same deal  
Rearrange your mind and hide, you speak out your word  
You putting seeds in your brain field  
Corporations treating you like sheep and like [?]  
But KRS-One, he stays real  
Listen to the teachas as he speaks out the word  
You gonna rise if he stays real

They know that I'm spitting the truth everywhere  
Or proof that I'm raising the roof everywhere  
Off the top like I don't have any hair  
Observe, you might just learn something here  
My word is a clear, oh you forgot, 22, 45 uzi or Glock  
I don't give a fuck if you choose me or not  
First time fiends are new to this drop  
Fail to receive when I [?] to the spot  
Salutes all day when I cruise in the block  
True, Fuck if you feel me or not  
Don't claim to be a legend if you really a not  
I'm real with the rock, skills are tight, real hip-hop, keep it real tonight  
Got the will to fight, whether day or night  
Gonna stay alright, cause I stay in the light  
I'm the [?] and the hype man  
I'm cooking and shaking and baking the mic  
When I walk in, rappers jetting like they taking a flight  
KRS-One, blazing the mic  
Aight!